

SIXTY BUSHELS
OF CORN

By M. QUAD

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erary Press.

The Widow Glenn lived on a couple of acres of ground in the outskirts of the village of Bryon. She had three small children, and the world was not going very well with her. Her cow had been taken on a debt, there was a mortgage of \$200 on the place, and the holder was threatening to sell her out.

One day a fat man arrived in the village and took rooms at the tavern. He was fat and jolly and gossipy. He was also sympathetic. He happened to hear of the Widow Glenn's troubles, and after three or four days he sauntered out that way and found her seated on the doorstep with tears in her eyes.

"Widow," said he after introducing himself and sympathizing with her about the loss of crops, "I'm a fat man. I'm a good man. I have a heart. You are not getting a fair show in this world. I am not here to ask your hand in marriage, for Cupid is not for me. I am here to say that those who go out to shear shall be shorn, or words to that effect."

"I don't understand you," was her reply.

"And those who go out to slay shall come back home slain themselves. While I am a fat man and a good man and have a heart, there are times when I do a little business on the outside. This is one of the times. I want to rent your barn for a week, and then I want you to act as my agent for perhaps two more. I will pay you \$100 a week and perhaps more."

"But you can't mean it!" exclaimed the surprised woman.

"But I can, widow. I want the barn to store corn in. It is shelled and will come in sacks. There will be many come to buy it for next year's seed. The price will be \$10 a bushel."

"As my agent you are to sell it at \$10 a bushel, and I am to pay you \$200 for so doing."

"Why, I'll do that, of course, but—"

"Say no more, widow. Rest right there. Here's \$5 for the rent of the barn till we get married. The corn will arrive on the railroad, and teams will draw it up here."

Next day the fat man and the good man and the man with a heart prepared an article for the village paper. He also got out circulars to farmers. The inventor of a new breakfast food wanted 5,000 bushels of corn next year. He wanted red corn exclusively. He would pay \$15 per bushel for it. The red corn was a fad, but New York was willing to pay for its fads. The Widow Glenn had been made the agent of the Great American Red Corn Fad company and had red seed corn to sell at \$10 per bushel. Call before it was all gone. Not more than three bushels to any one buyer, as the company wanted to give all farmers a chance.

The fat man with a heart disappeared. The widow had her instructions, and she obeyed them. The red corn was in two bushel sacks, and the farmers tumbled over themselves to take them away.

The widow's roll of ten and twenty dollar bills grew larger every hour, and her heart grew lighter. There was a mystery about her being appointed agent, but no one had any time to talk about it. It was the red corn fad that was on tap all the time. Many of the buyers thought there might be a demand for blue corn within two or three years and wondered how it could be grown. In ten days every bushel of the corn was sold, and the widow had \$800 deposited in the postoffice safe. Then the fat man showed up. He was just as fat and jolly as ever. He said at the tavern that the day seemed to have dawned when red corn must take its place in the social and commercial world, and he intimated that the stock he had secured in the Great American Red Corn Fad company would pay dividends of 50 per cent within two years. To the widow, when he had sauntered out to her house and received the roll of greenbacks, he said:

"Widow, I am a fat man, a good man and a man with a heart. Here is \$225 to clear the mortgage and interest off your home."

"Oh, but it's too much!" she replied.

"Widow, there's those around here who have sought to shear you. They will lose their own wool. Take this \$75 to fit up the children and yourself."

"There are those around you who have sought to slay you, and now they have slain themselves. Take another hundred to build a new fence, paint the house and get some new furniture."

"But that's \$400!"

"Widow, your figures are correct. The \$200 I keep will pay for the corn, the freightage and my summer vacation. I was in the lightning rod business once, but my conscience drove me out of it. I am now simply a fat man, a good man and a man with a heart. Widow, orphans, fare thee well."

And about the red corn? It had been dyed red! And about the farmers? Well, as never a kernel of that red corn sprouted they had none to sell next year. And about the Great American Red Corn Fad company? Why, as there was no red corn to buy it didn't open a purchasing agency in Bryon. And, lastly, about the fat man with a heart? Oh, he still lives and continues to do good actions.

Not a Disease.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor. I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are his symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time, and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."

SAYS HE'S KIN
TO GLADSTONEYoung St. Louis Prisoner De-
clares He Quit Harvard

BECAUSE HE FLUNKED

He Isn't Known in Boston—Calls F. E.
Sears His Banker, but This Is
Denied—Charged with Cam-
era Theft.

St. Louis, Oct. 28.—Gilbert E. Gladstone, who says he is a son of Viscount Herbert Gladstone of Chester, England, is being held here at the request of the police of the District of Columbia. It is charged that, according to a telegram, that he obtained cameras and has not paid for them.

The young man said he was a grandson of the former premier of England, William E. Gladstone. His father, he said, is now in South Africa.

"I put in two years at Harvard," said Gladstone, "and flunked on mathematics. A motor car and golf caused me to fail in my studies, and when I saw that I would have to go over my second year again, I quit and went to Washington."

"My arrest, I believe, was caused to get me to go back to my studies. My allowance of \$100 a month has been held up by my banker, Sears of Boston, because I quit my studies. I told the shopkeeper in Washington that I had no money, but that I expected to get some and he told me to take the cameras. I intend to go West to work on a ranch."

Gladstone, who is 19, arrived here a week ago with \$70, and since then has borrowed a small amount from a broker, Viscount Herbert Gladstone, claimed by the man under arrest as his father, is the present governor-general of the Union of South Africa. He was previously minister of home affairs in the English cabinet.

The Washington authorities say Gladstone went there during the aviation meet and got the cameras by representing himself as the official photographer.

Boston, Oct. 28.—Gilbert E. Gladstone is not known either to the authorities at Harvard or at the office of Francis D. Sears, who, he said, was his banker. There is no G. E. Gladstone registered at Harvard, and Mr. Sears says he does not know of anyone by that name, and never held any money in trust for any Mr. Gladstone.

The Washington Story.

Washington, Oct. 28.—A Washington officer has gone to St. Louis for G. E. Gladstone, charged with obtaining cameras under false pretenses. Gladstone was in Washington during the recent aviation meet. He secured the cameras after representing himself as the official photographer of the aviation trials. He disappeared with the property, for which he had not paid.

KING CONTINUES RELIEF WORK.

He Spreads Comfort Throughout Storm-
swept Districts of Italy.

Naples, Oct. 28.—King Victor Emmanuel yesterday visited Cetara, the little town on the north coast of the gulf of Salerno, which was the hardest hit by the recent cyclone that swept the adjacent coasts. Later he went to other places, everywhere reviving the spirits of those who survived the disaster and inspiring among the more fortunate a disposition to aid others in need and to repair so far as possible the damage wrought.

The king Wednesday visited the island of Ischia, where he viewed the destruction wrought by the recent hurricane and cheered the suffering people. Many Americans, learning of the king's visit, came from the island of Capri to join in greeting his majesty.

For an hour or two, the king drove about in a small primitive vehicle, but was soon obliged to abandon this, going about on foot among the fallen trees, collapsed houses and heaps of mud and stones.

Although bespattered with grime and sometimes mud up to the knees, his majesty made the rounds of the entire district. He saw more than 400 wrecked houses. Casamicciola has been a favorite resort on account of its hot springs, and the king expressed regret that the sources of these waters, which brought riches to the island, were now buried. The damage is roughly estimated at about \$10,000,000.

Prior to his departure for Naples on Wednesday evening, the island women, many of them carrying babies, crowded around the king, wishing to kiss his hand, at which his majesty was greatly affected.

CHANCE FOR TIMES READERS

Coupon Worth 25c If Presented at D. F.
Davis' Store.

In order to test The Times' great circulation and its superior advertising value, we have made arrangements with D. F. Davis, the popular druggist, to offer one of his best selling medicines at half price to anyone who will cut out the following coupon and present it at his store:

COUPON.

This coupon entitles the holder to one 50c package of Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia at half price, 25c. I will refund the money to any dissatisfied customer. D. F. Davis.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia is not an unknown remedy. It has made many remarkable cures right here in Barre, and so positive is Druggist Davis of its great superiority in curing dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache and liver troubles that he will, in addition to selling it at half price, refund the money to anyone whom it does not cure.

If you cannot call at our store, cut out the coupon and mail it with 25c, and a 50-cent box of the specific will be sent you by mail, charges paid. Do not put it off. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows."

Not a Disease.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor. I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are his symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time, and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."

Ceresota Flour

TABLE TALK:

"What I like about Ceresota
Flour is that it makes the
same good bread every
time."



NOT FROM PARIS.

It Has Taken Americans to Originate
the Suffragette Suit.

Those who have an idea that only the Parisian dressmakers can turn out unique and striking clothes for the fair sex must now take off their hats to the American tailors, who have just evolved a costume for women that will make even Paris gasp. This is the suffragette suit, which was recently exhibited in New York at the annual meeting of dressmakers. At the show were also a new aeroplane costume, American made and designed, and the



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THE SUFFRAGETTE SUIT.

most beautiful gowns imaginable, but it was this suffragette affair that attracted the most attention.

The suffragette suit will no doubt solve that mooted question as to who wears the pants, for if the suffragette adopts this novel costume she will have a pair of trousers that will put father's to shame. The suit is of rough gray men's suiting fashioned into what its designer modestly styles a divided hobble skirt. In reality the trousers are about the style that President Taft wears when golfing. They are big and loose fitting and have the "raining in London" turn up at the bottom. Two pockets—side pockets such as men have to swagger in—were added by the thoughtful tailor to the suffragette suit.

TAFT'S NEW COW.

Gift of Senator Stephenson a Member
of Famous Holstein Family.

It's a mighty nice thing to be the president of this great nation for more reasons than one. For instance, if our chief executive strolls out to the



PAULINE WAYNE.

barn some morning and finds his prize cow dead he need not worry. Just as soon as the fact becomes generally known along comes another famous bovine to replace it. At least this has been President Taft's experience, for Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin has now presented him with a pure bred Holstein to replace Mooley, the pet cow of the Tafts, which died last spring.

This animal is a member of the great Wayne family and has been named Pauline Wayne. She tips the scales at 1,500 pounds, can produce twenty-five pounds of butter per week and is worth about \$500 as the prices of high grade cattle go. She was raised on the farm of Senator Stephenson and is one of a herd of 240 Holsteins and Guernseys.

EXPERTS FOR
TARIFF WORK

Political Service Not to be
Considered

TAFT MAKES THIS CLEAR

In Definite Statement—This in Line with
the Board's Policy—Appointments
Never Made for Political
Reasons.

Washington, Oct. 28.—President Taft has emphatically confirmed the policy of the tariff board in making non-political appointments to the staff of the board in a letter written or at least shown to a recent applicant who recommended himself partly on the ground that he had rendered the Republican party service in the past. The incident has to do with the selection of experts, upon whose investigations and good judgment the merits of the reports to be made to the president must depend in large degree. Says the president in the closing lines of his letter concerning the application referred to:

I have directed my office to indicate in all communications on the general subject of applications employed as experts to be employed entirely regardless of their services to any particular political party.

It can be said that the policy of the board has been exactly that outlined by the president, hence his letter is not to be construed as a criticism of the tariff board for any action of the past. The board has recognized the natural interest of senators and representatives in appointments to the service and has realized also the pressure put upon members of Congress by applicants for positions. The board has welcomed friendly words of recommendation from members and often has requested clerks and others to inform their representatives that their names were before the board for action, but in no case has an appointment been made purely upon political grounds. President Taft, as is well known, regards the tariff board and the new method of revision proposed as one of the greatest accomplishments of his administration. He is extremely jealous of the good name of the board and is determined that it shall stand as free of political bias as the interstate or civil service commission.

NEW ROUTE ACROSS MEXICO.

Difficulties of Railway Operation in the
Tropics—Novel Scenes in the Jungle.

The isthmus of Tehuantepec is, with the exception of Panama, the narrowest neck of land between the two great oceans, and across this neck a British contractor, with the vision of a prophet, has built a railway which is destined to threaten seriously the financial success of our much heralded canal. The Tehuantepec route between New York and San Francisco, remember, is nearly thirteen hundred miles shorter than that by way of Panama, and to cover this additional distance the average freight steamer will require from four to five days. Now the Tehuantepec National railway not only will, but does, unload a cargo, carry it across the isthmus, and reload it in forty-eight hours. As it will probably require a day for a steamer to pass through the canal, this means a net saving of from three to four days by the Tehuantepec route. Vessels now come alongside the wharf at Coatzacoalcas or Puerto Mexico, to give it its new official name—electric cranes dip down and lift the merchandise out of their holds, and transfer it to waiting cars through hatches in their roofs, and before the ships are loaded again their discharged cargoes are being lowered into the holds of other ships at Salina Cruz, 125 miles away, for their journey across the Pacific.

This ten-hour trip from ocean to ocean has not its like in all the world. From Coatzacoalcas, an unkempt, fever-stricken hamlet, huddled on the sandy shores of a horrid bay, we slide past gray-green fields of pineapples, and then, without warning, plunge straight into the twilight of the jungle, where for miles after mile, hour after hour, the trees are smothered in ferns and orchids, where monkeys chatter at us from the branches, and where inconceivably gorgeous blooms of red and orange and yellow light up the home of panthers, pythons, and parrots. So rapid is the growth of vegetation in this tropical region that the passage of the trains is made possible only by the constant use of chemicals to repel the alarming encroachments of the creepers on the rails. The chemical compound, in the form of a scalding liquid, is sprayed from a heated tank-car by means of a steam-heated atomizer, the application killing all plant life; but so quickly does another crop arise that the operation of drenching the right of way must be almost continuous to be effective.—E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., in the November Everybody's.

Plausible Proof.

John—One of your creditors wishes to speak to you, sir.

Master—Well, say I'm away from home.

John—All right, sir, and I'll just light one of your best cigars he'll be more likely to believe me than—Fillegence Blaetter.

Magazine Review

The Passing of Sombre Wallpapers.

The tendency in the season's new wall-papers is towards plain effects and light tints. It is gratifying to know that wallpaper men realize the advantage of light walls. Many houses have but one or two windows in a room and are dark and depressing if treated with a heavy paper. A dark paper absorbs the light, and the sense of atmosphere is often lost. Some of the best wallpaper houses are urging the use of white papers in first-floor rooms. There are pretty, creamy white papers on the market with silky stripes, that can be used with excellent results. It used to be thought that white papers would sell very quickly, but it has been found that certain papers with a smooth finish keep clean a long time. White papers will, in all probability, be more used during the coming season than ever before.—Suburban Life for November.

Hold the Right Ideals.

We not only can strengthen mental weaknesses and deficiencies, but it is perfectly possible to increase the general ability through the power of suggestion, says Orison Sweet Marden in "Success Magazine." Indeed, the susceptibility of all the mental faculties to improvement, to enlargement, is something remarkable.

Sometimes very strong faculties are latent until especially aroused. There are many people who pass for cowards; who are humiliated because they have so little courage, when, if they only know how, they could strengthen this deficient faculty wonderfully by holding the courageous ideal; by thinking and doing the courageous deed; by carrying the thought of fearlessness; by reading about heroic lives; by constantly thinking the heroic thought and trying to live it. The courage may be small in a person because it has never been called into sufficient exercise. It may need only to be aroused. There are many people living lives of mediocrity who might do great things; might become mental giants if their dormant faculties were aroused, their general ability improved and enlarged.

Roosevelt's Popularity.

"That Roosevelt's western trip was of the profoundest moment, politically, in this country, no one can for a moment doubt. I heard him speak twice in St. Paul and I visited several places in the West, both before and after he had been there. There can be no two opinions about the results of his campaign. The people are almost solidly with him. He not only confirmed his former hold upon the West, but he exceeded even the expectations of his following. Even those who are fearful of Roosevelt's ambition—and among thinking people they are not few—even they cannot deny the extraordinary hold which he has upon the masses of the people. At St. Paul I met many delegates from southern states, and almost to a man they were for Roosevelt over any other national leader. One of the strongest Roosevelt speeches I heard was made by ex-Governor Blanchard of Louisiana. Several southerners told me they were Roosevelt Democrats. And everywhere, among all sort of people, I heard talk of Roosevelt as a presidential candidate in 1912. I heard it in places at which he was expected to speak, and I

OWES
HER
LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am to-day a well woman."—Mrs. WILLIAM ANDREWS, 888 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

heard it in the same places, expressed with redoubled enthusiasm, after he had spoken."—By Ray Stannard Baker in the November American Magazine.

A Cow Worth Owning.

Some cows may give better milk, but no cow in the world gives so much of it as Josephine, an eight-year-old Holstein-Friesian, the queen of the herd of the Missouri state college of agriculture. Just now Josephine is undergoing a test to determine how much milk she will give in a year. Having already broken all the other lactal records it is a pretty safe bet that Josephine will establish a clear title to the heavy-weight milk producing championship and hold it safe for some time.

Colanthe 6th Johanna, owned in Rosendale, Wisconsin, used to be the prize cow, but Josephine has beaten every one of her records. In the first six months of the present test Josephine produced 16,834 pounds of milk against 15,542 pounds for Colanthe. In one day Josephine produced 110.2 pounds of milk against Colanthe's 106; in one month Josephine produced 2,991 pounds against the Wisconsin cow's 2,783 and she has beaten the Wisconsin cow's averages for two three, four, five, and six months.

The average farmer is satisfied if his cows give ten quarts of milk a day, but Josephine gives enough to fill fifty-four quart bottles. Giving the average person two-thirds of a pint milk a day she could supply a hotel with 165 boarders. The butter from her milk would be enough to supply forty boarders three times a day. Naturally with such a high production, the milk given by Josephine is inferior to that given by the average dairy cow, although it meets and exceeds the legal requirements of butter fat. It is estimated that her milk will produce a revenue of \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year.—From "Prize Cow of the World," in Technical World Magazine for November.

Interest Your Boy in Music.

"There once lived a boy," says Constantine Osborn in Woman's Home Companion for October, "in a family where three members had gained musical recognition, who grew to be nineteen without evincing any interest in the refining art, beyond a mild pride in his relatives' achievements. Golden opportunities to take lessons on the already much-abused piano had been tossed aside. Then he went away to college and one evening dropped in at orchestra rehearsal. It chanced that on that fateful night the student who played the snare drum was absent, and the boy was asked to try his hand. In a moment he found himself in the center of rising, vibrating tones and melodies, he felt a vital part, endeavoring to mark their rhythm and swell their volume, and his own heart swelled in response. From then on he became the most enthusiastic member of the orchestra. He began to board himself that he might save money for lessons in drumming, and he washed his socks and handkerchiefs to buy a metronome."

"The family heard of these rumors with amusement and awaited his home-coming with some consternation. In due time he arrived and practiced drumming in the attic and, moreover, taught a younger brother all he knew. He, in turn, became drummer in the high school orchestra, but soon the boy's fancy took a melodic flight and he became the owner of a clarinet. The younger brother began to throw long eyes on the fellow, procured one in a short time, and began to feel like a star, singing duets in the attic and, later, trios with the piano, in the parlor, for company. "Now these boys did not grow up and become renowned musicians, but they acquired a proficiency that enabled them to play with pleasure for themselves and others. Through their awakened interest and understanding of music, they gained one of life's greatest assets, from a very small and unusual beginning."

The Destruction of the Grebe.

After two years' constant shooting among the nesting birds, the professional hunters realized that grebes were diminishing in numbers, and they would have to seek other means of livelihood unless the birds were protected in the breeding season. They held a meeting and decided not to shoot on the breeding grounds. The farmers refused to abide by this rule, for they determined to shoot when and where they could make the most money. After that the birds had no protection at all. Hunters sought the main colonies, paid a fee to enter, and then they killed wherever they had a chance.

I have followed the trail of the grebe hunter, I have seen the effects of his work. I have seen a hunter make a grebe skin almost as quickly as I can explain the method. He picks up the dead bird, severs each wing with the blow of an axe, throws it on its belly and rips the skin down the back from neck to tail. He jerks the skin loose from the upper part of the body and severs it at the neck. Then, with his foot on the upper part of the body, the whole hide comes off with one jerk. The inside of the skin is a mass of fat. He throws it on the ground, gives it a few rapid scrapes with an old spoon, tucks it up to dry in the sun, and then it is ready to be baled for shipment.

The grebe is a bird difficult to shoot, because it swims so low in the water and is so quick at diving. "A special gun that will shoot a charge of shot within an area of a foot square at forty or fifty yards is what I use," said an old hunter. The favorite way of shooting was from a blind along a channel where the birds went back and forth from the feeding grounds. This hunter told me he bagged one hundred and thirty-five grebes in a blind of this kind at one sitting.—From "Die In Torture for a Lady's Whim," in Technical World Magazine for November.

TOO MANY NAVY YARDS.

One Enough In South for Efficiency,
Says Secretary Meyer.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 27.—That there is need but for one naval station in the South was the opinion expressed by Secretary of the Navy Meyer before his departure from New Orleans yesterday for Pensacola, Fla.

"There are unquestionably too many navy yards and stations in the South," said Secretary Meyer. "I do not think there is need for more than one. Where that its to be a matter yet to be decided. It is not a question of the prominence of any city or the claims of any city, it is the efficiency of the navy which is to be considered."

SIXTH CONTEST PROBABLE.

Exceeding of World's Record by Three
Balloons Quite Unexpected.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 27.—The return of Alan Hawley and Augustus Post from a flight of 1,355 miles in a balloon, turns the attention of the St. Louis aeronauts to the results of the fifth international race for the Bennett trophy. That three balloons should exceed the world's record of 1,183 miles, held for ten years, was unexpected. The result of the race undoubtedly assures the sixth contest for America and probably for this city.

NERVOUS
DYSPEPSIA

A Disorder Which Yields to the
Tonic Treatment as This
Philadelphia Case
Shows.

There is a form of indigestion in which the stomach may be in a perfectly sound condition. This is called nervous dyspepsia and arises from a disturbance of the nervous system which controls the digestive process. That the nerves do control this process is evident from the fact that acute emotions such as grief or despair immediately stop digestion, and that an injury to the brain or a nerve center causes nausea and other disturbances of the stomach. The digestive fluids such as saliva and gastric juice are the products of cells which are abundantly supplied with nerve fibres, and the mere expectation of food will start the flow of these fluids.

An instance in which this form of nervous trouble was readily cured by the tonic treatment was that of Mr. Joseph Waldon, of 218 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. He says: "I think my nervousness was due to railroad work with its long hours and irregular meals. I was sick for four or five years and at one time was confined to bed. I had no desire for food and was generally distressed by what I ate. I had heartburn, gas formed on my stomach and often I had to vomit. I got out of breath and would have palpitation of the heart if I exerted myself. My head ached a great deal and some days would be so bad that I would have to quit work and come home. I had no strength or ambition, was pale and very nervous. I was restless and could not sleep well for I would suddenly wake up through the night with a startled feeling. "The doctor said I had nervousness but his prescriptions did not help me. Some of my friends advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I did and got better in a short time. I took quite a few boxes in all and was completely cured."

A new edition of the booklet, "What to Eat and How to Eat," is free on request. Send a postal for it today and begin to cure yourself by following the directions it contains.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 60 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

You Ought
To Know

that impure blood with its weakening results, unpleasant breath, headaches, restless nights, poor appetite, sallow skin, pimples and depression, comes from constipation

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

have been doing good to men and women for many, many years and their value has been tested and proved. They remove the cause of physical troubles. A few small doses will show their safe tonic action on you. Beecham's Pills will surely help you to an active liver, a good stomach, a sweet breath, clear head and refreshing sleep. In young or old they will

Relieve
Constipation

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.